

St. Valentine's Promissory Notes

By Daisy D. Stephenson

IN TWO PARTS

PART I

THE young Herons had come flocking in from school that snowy Friday afternoon, arguing, comparing valentines, and appealing to "Mummie" shrilly and frequently.

"Mummie, can't we slide first and then do our chores?" "How about two cookies and an apple apiece, mummie?" Sam and Denny, accompanied by their devoted Airedale, had burst in like bombs, neglecting to clean their feet. Before they reached the cookie-jar Mecca, an injured voice and another door bang announced Barbara's arrival.

"Where are you, mummie?" Trailing the patient voice to the upstairs sewing room, Barbara shed snow and complaints as she ascended. "Just see what the boys did! Tore my sleeve and got me all sopping." Little Fan's nap had ended abruptly with the boys' first shout, and she cuddled like a cross little owl in mother Heron's lap, putting the finishing touch to any sewing for that day. There followed a brief hubbub during which the mother connected the boys with their usual chores and Barbara with the piano bench—one of Mrs. Heron's daily labors which repetition did not lighten.

"Just because Sara's oldest she wiggles out of work and blames it onto committee meetings and things," Barbara muttered as she resentfully attacked a hated exercise. "Won't even let me wear her pendant to a party. Yet I can make the beds she forgets and—Yes, mummie, it's C sharp all right. No, I guess I made it an accidental. Can't I practice my new piece now?"

Barbara's practice hour was painful for all concerned, but it was Sara who was bitterest about the astonishing number of wrong notes Barbara could strike, and was audibly critical during her small sister's piano onslaughts.

"Is the agony over?" Sara strolled in later with an exasperating air of having enjoyed herself.

"If you mean the bed making and table setting," snapped Barbara. "Funny how you can always forget to remember things like that."



"I WON'T MAKE MUMMIE DO MY BUTTONS
I'LL BE BO-PEEP AND CATCH MY MUTTONS"

Drawing by Marjorie Terry Chellis

Mother was down arguing with the furnace, and the boys exploding onto the scene distracted Sara's attention. "Stop that yelling," she ordered sternly, "and go back and clean your feet. Or walk on your hands, tho they're probably as bad." Her tone would have discouraged a tank. "And make that pest stop barking or leave him outside. He's no lap dog, anyway."

The boys voiced indignant protest. Not over cleaning their feet. They expected that. But when Sara pitched on Budge—

"Mummie said he could come in when it's so cold, and he's goin' to camp in the basement. He's our chum, so don't get heavy," Sam challenged his superior sister.

Sara took refuge behind indisputable facts. "You look like mud pies. What you want is soap and water," she pointed out shortly.

"No, sir-ee," objected Denny. "What we want is somepin to eat. We're holler." He appealed to the higher power, wearily ascending the steps. There was a brief session of the peace conference which resulted in a noisy exodus of the Terrible Three to lower regions. Sara, taking Fan, went higher to dispatch some of her numerous postponed tasks, and

Barbara slipped into the den to see what happened in the next chapter. The telephone rang, and turning the gas low under the supper vegetables, mother Heron hastened to the dining room, unconscious of light footsteps and a familiar tattoo at the back door. Patty Warren, being an adopted Heron, so to speak, did not

stand on ceremony, but flitted toward sounds of life. Realizing that a 'phone conversation was in progress, she hesitated, but overhearing a remark at that instant, changed her mind about retreating.

"It certainly sounds tempting, Mrs. Starling. I don't know when I've heard a real concert, and I've wanted so to hear Galli Curci. And driving up in your car for the day—Window shopping, you say?" A second's silence, then Mrs. Heron continued regretfully, "No, the weather wouldn't matter. It's just that I can't be spared. Saturday is the busiest day in our nest. No, there's no substitute. Oh, I simply can't run away with you, much as the idea appeals to me. But with my family, you can see—"

For a blank second the invisible Mrs. Starling could neither see nor hear. For there was a puzzling interval during which a charming young person in a blue cravenette overpowered mother Heron, who, stunned with surprise, gave up the receiver as if she were held up. Barbara, a witness to the episode, listened gleefully while Patty reassured Mrs. Starling who was appealing to Central for better connection.

"This is my Camp-fire Guardian, isn't

it? I thought so. Yes, this is Patty, your Torch Bearer. I'm a half way Heron, you know—next door neighbor and privileged—so I bob in any time. I don't usually take a conversation right out of Auntie Heron's mouth, but this sounded as if she needed first aid. You know I'm really dependable, but our old housekeeper, Debby, simply mistreats me! Won't let me earn a single honor bead around the house. Keeps me out of the kitchen as if cooking were something contagious! Now if you want Auntie Heron's company for something that will do her good—"

Mrs. Heron gave an exclamation of dismay, but Patty chattered blithely on. "That's the loveliest plan ever. Please wait while we have a little meeting of the home Program Committee," she pleaded sweetly. "What time do you want her to be ready?" She turned from the telephone with a demure expression. "Auntie, you nearly hurt my feelings when you tell people you have no sub, and me within pinching distance! I'd adore being a mother to five helpless Herons for a perfect day. And you know how blissful I feel to get into a big apron and a kitchen simultaneously! Without Debby to dog my every footstep and finger print, I can try out the Domestic Science I've been absorbing—"

"But Saturday—" interrupted Mrs. Heron in near panic. Patty's eloquence swept over protests that grew feebler as mother Heron permitted herself to cast a mental eye on the treat within her reach. A whole day with a charming companion. A day that included a ride to the city in a closed car, with such added unaccustomed delights as lunch in a tea room, shopping, and a wonderful concert for grand finale!

Patty flashed Sara a glance. "You'll help me keep the other birds lined up, Sara-phin?" Tactfully she included Barbara, as Sara nodded dazedly. (Saturday, the high tide of weekly work, without mother?)

"Course mummie's going," consented Barbara generously, "and won't we make the boys sit up and beg!"

"We can continue our ways and means discussion after we R. S. V. P.," decided Patty resolutely and notified the waiting lady to that effect. "It's all settled," she reported to Mrs. Starling joyously. "The die is cast, and the mother Heron off for a lark. Birds of a feather, sure enough! She'll surely be clothed, and probably in her right mind when you call tomorrow morning at ten. Keep her till 'clean plum dark,'" she urged recklessly. "There are no Chicken Littles here, and the sky won't fall."

She rose to reassure her victim who was moving kitchenward like a sleep walker. "Your bridges are burning, Auntie," consoled Patty gaily, "but the supper isn't." The boys scampering up just then, she called the roll and asked for a vote of fealty. "Everybody who'll stand by me even if the boat goes through

the rapids signify by waving the right leg," she addressed them gravely. The boys who adored her, complied with alacrity, and even worried mother Heron dissolved in laughter as Budge amiably waved his right paw. "Even the dog solemnly promises!" giggled Patty. "Now stop looking like you'd been sentenced to walk the plank at sunrise, and if you must plan for Sunday, pick something nourishing and simple. When you return, you'll think all the fairy godmothers had hired out to me, won't she, birds?"

Fan regarded her with unwinking black eyes. Of course Patty was joking. Mummie wouldn't go off and leave her. It simply wasn't done. She expressed herself confidently. Mrs. Heron flinched, but Patty was even equal to this emergency.

"Fan's going to help me make patty-cakes and have the cunningest doll tea party!" she prophesied temptingly. "And maybe," she added mysteriously to the strangely subdued quintet, "maybe if we get everything done and 'birds in their little nest agree' and all that, we'll—" She paused impressively and whispered the rest so that mother Heron could not hear. A jubilant shout assured Patty of their entire co-operation, and daddy Heron appearing just then, heard of the fateful morrow in a chorus that only a good-natured parent, used to such demonstrations, could possibly have made head or tail of.

(To be continued)

The Mysterious Ileka

BY EDNA S. KNAPP

Chapter V

HENRY could not hear and started to speak, but Margaret stopped him hastily.

Dorothy was shivering with excitement, the sudden change in temperature that came with the storm, and the dread of its violence. Torrents of water hit the roof every instant as if the rain would drive straight through. Dick was trying to protect her as best he knew. Swiftly Margaret drew notebook and pencil from her pocket and wrote. "Two horrid-looking men are in the kitchen. They have the key. Don't let them find us. I am afraid."

Henry read the slip, his face growing anxious, then passed it to Dick, who read it gloomily and showed it to Dorothy.

"Can we hide?" wrote Dorothy seizing the pencil. "Where?"

Henry glanced about the empty room, looked into the front room that was furnished, then returned noiselessly and opened the door of a long closet under the eaves. He beckoned and the four young folks slipped into the closet and closed the door just as somebody leaped up the stairway and one of the men entered the room.

The intruder stamped noisily across the floor and went into the front room, where he was gone for some time. They

heard suggestions of sounds at intervals as Dick cautiously opened the door a crack. That gave a little light and showed a slide that gave light and air to the closet. Henry carefully opened that. It did not let in the rain which was coming from the other side. The closet was also a haven for many creeping creatures and the girls were moving cautiously trying to avoid the insects, yet make no noise.

Down poured the rain as though all the waters of the heavenly reservoirs had been unloosed. From time to time there were sounds as if the stranger in the front room was opening and closing things. To the anxious watchers it might have been any length of time before he stamped back and down the stairs to the kitchen. Dick just managed to push the closet door to in time to avoid possible detection.

From below the murmur of voices rose and at last the rain ceased as suddenly as it began. Then the voices were audible, because the floors were thin and the men evidently thought no caution needed.

"We'd better get out of here at once," said the noisy one. "We don't want any snooping idiot to see us together."

"We were lucky to get inside and not get that dope soaked," remarked the other distinctly as he locked the door and they made off down the path.

For a few moments the four in the closet looked at each other. Then they drew long breaths of relief and crept out of concealment, shaking themselves. They waited until they were sure the men would not return for anything before feeling as if they dared speak again, but at first it was in hushed tones as though the ghosts might hear them.

"Smugglers," exclaimed Dick. "They said something about dope."

"Maybe they are in league with that notorious boat we heard about in Tarpon Springs," said Henry.

"Maybe they use the Ileka sometimes," suggested Dorothy.

"I think more likely they are local men who are in sympathy with the smugglers. Somebody lives here or at least keeps the place in order at present," maintained Margaret decidedly.

"Had we better go straight home? Or can we stay to explore?" asked Dorothy, divided between fear and curiosity.

"Explore, now we're here, but be quick about it," said Henry looking at the rest.

"We've got to see what's here," insisted Dick. The closet they had been hiding in yielded nothing but cobwebs and a few clothes hooks. There was plenty of room as it took up the space under the eaves clear across the house. So they entered the front room which had a similar closet and was larger because the stair-space had been taken out of the back bedroom. This closet was locked and they could not get into it. The room had only the barest necessities for furniture, two canvas army cots, an old chair or two and a rickety table.

The four young folks glanced about the bedroom after finding the closet inhospitable. Nothing there to interest them so why linger? They started to go when Dick, darted to the rickety table and turned it around.

"There's a drawer in the thing. I thought there ought to be," he cried, opening one as he spoke. "The folks put it wrong side to."

"Nothing in it, is there?" asked Henry eagerly. Dorothy and Margaret pressed close to see.

Dick pulled the drawer clear out and from the back corner he took a vial of tiny tablets. "Let's take these home to show to Mr. Tisdell," he suggested.

"And have the smugglers know we've been rummaging?" asked Margaret.

"Take one as a sample and put back the rest," suggested Henry, which they did. Dorothy tied the tablet in a corner of her handkerchief and the table was replaced as before.

Then they trooped downstairs to the kitchen where patches of wet sand on the floor told mutely that people had been there. The bare kitchen seemed unpromising until one noticed the unusual number of built-in cupboards. These were not locked and held dishes, a few canned goods, wash basin and soap, a tin box of matches, a broom, even some campstools and a folding table.

"Where's that wireless outfit?" asked Margaret suddenly.

"I suppose that and all their other stuff is in the locked closet upstairs," answered Dick. "Come on out and see if we can get up on the porch roof, Henry. I want to see the place where they fasten the thing on when they use it."

(Concluded in next number.)

A Worthy Little Shrine

BY MAUDE GARDNER

WHEN Nancy Hanks Lincoln smiled into her boy's eyes on that memorable February 12, 1809, she little thought perhaps that one day this tiny baby boy would preserve a nation and release from bondage the souls and bodies of a race, and that this one-room log-cabin home in which they lived in the Kentucky wilderness would be made into a permanent shrine of patriotism and that people from all over the world would come to visit and do homage to it because it was Abraham Lincoln's birthplace.

Just a little cabin home built of logs, with smoke-stained rafters and worm-eaten floor, yet there is not enough wealth in all the Universe to buy from the nation which he served so well the log cabin in which the ideal American was born, where he began to learn that vast sympathy for others which no mansion or palace has ever envired, and where the first seven years of his eventful life were spent.

It took Abraham Lincoln fifty-two years

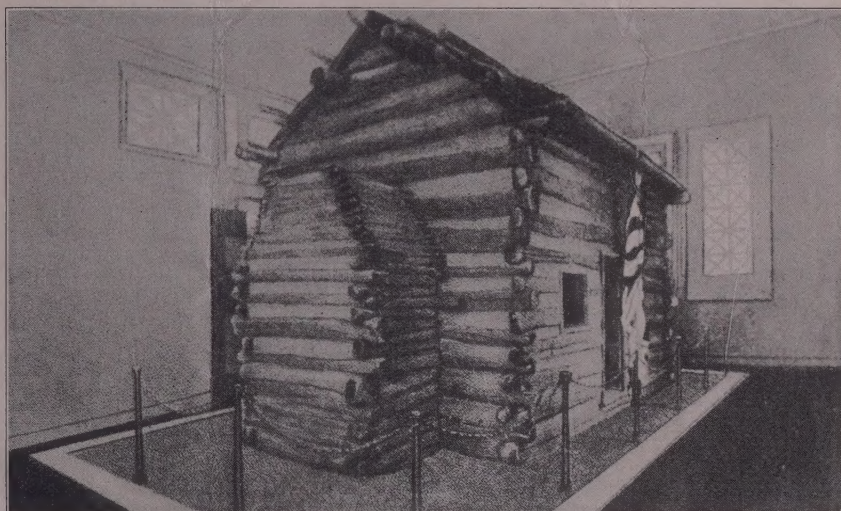
to get the spindle and the distaff ready—and then God sent the flax. It took years of study by the light of pine knots to prepare him for his work. It took the unfriendly environment of his early years to foster that great tenderness for all humanity, and out of his own starved and barren childhood and the great grief sobbed out over his young mother's grave in the lonely wilderness came a sympathy which took in all the world.

George Washington, our first great leader, left the comforts of a happy home to endure that winter of gloom at Valley Forge and many other winters of almost equal discomfort to make a nation out of the thirteen colonies that were scattered along the Atlantic coast, and to Abraham Lincoln in 1861 came the task of keeping that nation together. Of all the great men in the United States at that time, the boy who had been raised in the backwoods, who had split rails for his living and who had educated him-

sociated with his life have been carefully preserved and cherished, but for many, many years the little cabin left alone in the Kentucky wilderness was allowed to remain unhonored and tradition had almost forgotten the hallowed spot.

But there came a time when loyal Americans remembered the lowly birthplace, set in the Kentucky wilderness, a few miles from the little town of Hodgenville, and a group of philanthropic men, led by the editor of Collier's Magazine, organized the Lincoln Memorial Association, which set about the task of raising sufficient funds to buy the house and the land upon which it was located. In order that people all over the country might have a share in the worthy project, circulars were sent out asking that no contribution exceed the sum of twenty-five dollars, and rather more gladly welcoming the smaller amounts.

The required amount was soon donated, for every one who received the



LINCOLN CABIN, INSIDE MEMORIAL HALL, ON LINCOLN FARM, NEAR HODGENVILLE, KY.

self, was the one chosen for this high office over all the people.

And as President of the United States, he led a nation through four years of cruel war until the right was gained. The country was saved and a race set free, but just as he had reached this crowning triumph, the fateful bullet, sent by a foul assassin's hand, went on its death errand, and the great heart which had tried to soothe and right the sorrows of the world as best he could, soon ceased to beat. And those who had sneered and doubted began to catch a glimpse of his high white faith and the vision of his matchless courage. And down through the years the spirit of Abraham Lincoln has led the American nation to victory.

Fifty-nine years have passed away, and with each decade, the fame of the Great Emancipator grows more secure and his memory is "held in grateful remembrance." Statues have been erected to his memory, schools have been built in his honor, and most of the buildings as-

appeal made a response, and twenty-five thousand people signed and sent in the cards with their contributions. This card index is now carefully preserved in the Lincoln cabin—the names and amounts of all the twenty-five thousand people from every State in the Union who helped to make it into a public shrine.

But the rains and suns of many seasons had warped and cupped the roof of the little building; some of the logs were partly decayed and fallen away, the door was sagging, and the floor almost dropping in. So the broken logs were restored, the puncheon floor mended and the roof repaired and then a famous architect was engaged to plan a suitable memorial to cover the worthy little shrine so that it might be preserved for the coming generations. By Sept. 4, 1916, the marble memorial building erected over the cabin had been completed, and a great crowd of people gathered to witness its dedication.

It stands on a rising slope of ground—



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PROSPECT HARBOR, MAINE.

Dear Miss Buck and Club Members:—

Last year I wrote one letter which was printed so I will try again. I am going to school now. I think I am the only child here who takes *The Beacon*. We are now reading "The Mysterious Ileka." I go to the Methodist Sunday School as it is the only one there is here. My teacher's name is Annis Ray. I live with my Grandma whose house is very near the shore. There is a little steamer hauled up on the beach almost in Grandpa's field. She looks as if she was going to steam across the field where our potatoes were grown last year and buttercups and daisies grow every year all the way to the house.

I have a kitten named "Tommy". Our neighbor's kitten, named "Jimbo Palmer" plays with him and the two kittens visit each other very often.

I am interested in all the letters in *The Beacon* Club. I sent a Christmas card to a little girl

whose name I found in *The Beacon* who lives at a Light Station at Stonington, Maine.

Sincerely yours,
MIRIAM ALICE COLWELL.

29 CENTER STREET,
FAIRHAVEN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian Church of Fairhaven. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. I like the new story, "The Mysterious Ileka." I can hardly wait for the second part. I would like some boy of my age to write to me. Will answer all letters.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE PFLUG.

49 BRIMMER STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

My dear Miss Buck:—I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. I read and enjoy *The Beacon* very much. When I finish with the *Beacons* I am going to send them to some children in Tamworth, N. H., whom I know, and who do not have many story-books. I am a member of the Children's Church of King's Chapel.

Yours very truly,
ALICE DE V. WARE.

this worthy little shrine—with beautiful Kentucky trees lining each side of the driveway and a long stairway of marble steps leading to it, and each year thousands of pilgrims from all over our land and country climb these steps and enter the memorial to stand with bowed and reverent heads before that little cabin home in which Abraham Lincoln first saw the light of day.

It is a source of deep satisfaction to know that at last this mute but glorious reminder of our great American has been fittingly honored and that it will be tenderly cherished and preserved for all time to come.

The Queen of Hearts

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

"WILL you walk into my parlor?"
Said the gentle Queen of
Hearts,

"I have the latest Valentines
With Cupids and with darts.

"Some are made of lace-life paper;
Some have true-love ribbon bows;
Some have very lovely ladies
Sweet as violet or rose.

"Then you ought to see the others—
Just as comic as can be,
That will make the ones who get them
Laugh aloud in greatest glee!"

When the little children heard her,
To her parlor then, they went,
And their mothers knew in no time,
Where their pennies had been spent!

"Education is like measles. Having been to school doesn't prove that you've caught it, but only that you've been exposed to it."

Church School News

IN the church school at Marlborough, Mass., one of the classes of boys is organized into a group known as The Beacon Club. The members of the class are also all star pupils in the school. When the editor of *The Beacon* was invited to address a community teachers' meeting held in the Unitarian Church, three officers of The Beacon Club met her and escorted her to the church. This club was organized in October and meets weekly at the home of one of the members. It has already more than \$11 in its treasury and is planning an entertainment to raise more money in the near future, with which it intends to do something for the church or for someone in need when opportunity offers.

In Geneseo, Ill., at the Christmas season, a pageant was given by members of the church school with a few helpers, at five o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, December 23rd. The pageant, which is an interpretation of the story of the nativity, was written by the minister of the church, Rev. Joseph Cady Allen, and Miss Zella Cronyn. *The Geneseo Republic* gave an excellent account of this pageant, stating the idea behind it, and giving the names of the organist and quartet and a list of the characters, including a group of little children who took part. It is reported that the parts were well taken and that the pageant was very ably produced.

Miss Ada Marie Bowers, of Los Angeles, Calif., sends to the editor a sample manila folder in which to file the year's copies of *The Beacon*. Mrs. Lyons' class, of which she is a member, has made enough of these folders to supply the entire school. It is good to learn that our paper is so much appreciated in the fine church school of Los Angeles.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXVI

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 2, 6, 10, 9 is a part of the body.
My 18, 5, 20, is a pronoun.
My 1, 3, 15, is a boy's name.
My 21, 22, 6, is a grain.
My 4, 8, 18, 19, 20, 7, is a relation.
My 16, 14, 11, is a male.
My 12, 13, 17, is a boy's name.
My whole is the name of a book.

B. G. M.

ENIGMA XXXVIII

I am a proverb composed of 27 letters.
My 3, 16, 27, 6, 18, is to help.
My 2, 23, 5, 11, is a place to keep cattle.
My 7, 20, 8, 12, 24, is a good rainy-day playroom.
My 14, 1, 11, is a weight.
My 19, 24, 15, 10, 1, 11, 22, 5, sails the sea.
My 17, 7, 13, 9, 19, is a foundation.
My 21, 25, 9, 26, 6, 4, 3,—at least forty of them are found in the "Arabian Nights".

MARGARET FRANCES CUSHMAN.

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE OF THE BIBLE

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Vidad. | 8. Illelad. |
| 2. Osmes. | 9. Asihel. |
| 3. Sjeus. | 10. Uht. |
| 4. Jaileh. | 11. Ulas. |
| 5. Lapu. | 12. Hosepj. |
| 6. Setehr. | 13. Moain. |
| 7. Nolomso. | 14. Laumes. |

E. F. G.

TRANSPPOSITIONS

Fill up the blanks with words composed of the same letters, differently arranged. When there are two blanks one word is divided into two.

1. She made an entry in her — and laid it on a shelf in the —.
2. Are — very high in —?
3. Because he knew that the President would — that bill, he did not — for it.
4. I knew that — was not to —.
5. How I love —, he is my chosen companion —.
6. — and — wore dresses of — brown.

The Youth's Companion.

PARTS OF A FORD CAR

1. An irritable person? 2. A warrior's defense?
3. A sentinel? 4. To fatigue? 5. A tool and a letter of the alphabet? 6. A natural drinking fountain? 7. Squirrel food? 8. What a monk wears?
9. What some people are on Mondays? 10. Used in England for underground travel? 11. What miners fear? 12. Worn by some women

The Target.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 17

ENIGMA XXXII.—What we seek we shall find.
ENIGMA XXXIII.—The Creator keeps his word with us.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.—1. Stone, tone, one. 2. Gland, land, and. 3. Crash, rash, ash. 4. Trail, rail, ail. 5. Stale, tale, ale.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.—1. Mole. 2. Weasel. 3. Snake. 4. Ferret. 5. Wolf. 6. Zebra. 7. Hare. 8. Zebra.

DIAMOND.—
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TOE
CONGO
EGG
O

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REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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